

Good Morning 656

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A.B. Jim Hobbs, You Take the Cake

IT was a few days before your 22nd birthday when we called at 16, Ship Lane, Aveley, Nr. Purfleet, A.B. Jim Hobbs, Fred still goes to the State and the Regal in Grays, but he hopes you'll get back soon and go with him.

Your mother, who welcomed us, together with a joyful Sandy, at the side gate, told us she would be saving up the ingredients for a real bumper cake before your 23rd, so you really must try to get back for it.

We asked Bobby, your young brother, if he'd like to send birthday greetings to you and he nodded his head, looking enquiringly all the time at "Fuse" Wilson's photographic equipment.

Dad was working and Freddie was out cycling somewhere, but Mum told us they're both well, and send their best wishes.

Everyone at home is looking forward to the time when they'll see you sitting in the fireside chair reading a book just like you used to do.

Mum told us about that long walk to the Dog and Partridge that you used to take every evening. Bet you miss that ten-miler now.

The two Reg's, Godfrey and Beard, ask after you when they see your folk and would like to be remembered to you.

When we went into the garden to get a picture, Bobby brought out a magnificent Persian called Monty. You'll see him in the photograph, looking coldly at Sandy, who tried frantically to bark him out of the way. However, Bobby held on tight.

That's all the news from home now Jim. Don't forget the chair by the fire that's being kept vacant for you. Everyone at Number 16 will be thinking of you on your birthday.



Milk-Oh! Perish the Thought

IN the days of Queen Elizabeth, many of the more ignorant people believed that if a child drank cows' milk, it would inevitably acquire the nature of a cow.

Horrible stories of children growing horns and tails as a result of milk-drinking were spread about, and mothers were warned by the superstitious to make sure their children never so much as drank a glass of the stuff.

While this idea was fantastic, there was a good deal to say for not drinking milk in those days—especially if you lived in a town or city. Milk "hot from the kine," as one writer

of that day recalled fetching a boy from a farm in what is now the centre of London, might be all right—so long as the cow was healthy. But accounts of what happened to milk hawked round the urban areas indicated that it was best left alone.

Even in the first part of last century, London's milk was very doubtful stuff. Cows were often kept in dismal holes in the dirty streets. They were taken there as calves. When they were milked dry they were sold for meat. The conditions of their existence not only made them unhealthy, but the dirt got into the milk.

By the middle of the century the railways made it

possible for Londoners to get fresher and better milk from the countryside. But they were still at the mercy of the milk-seller, who almost automatically skimmed off the cream and watered the remainder.

At the present time, of course, milk is one of the most carefully inspected foods that come to our doorsteps. It is subject to examination from the moment it leaves the cow to the time the milkman knocks.

So long as you don't have a prejudice against it for fear it may make you grow a tail and moo, you will be assured that its good stuff.

Now, this is an ancient place. It still has three of its city gates to mark its importance as a walled city where vital ways meet. It is full of pleasing inns—and Salisbury men reckon to be good judges of beer. But the vision Salisbury men see when, as exiles, their thoughts turn to their native place, is the Cathedral spire, writes D. N. K. BAGNALI, after a visit to the Home Town. If you do not see the spire before you as you walk the streets, you know it is there at your back, should you turn round.

NO traveller ever got lost near Salisbury. If he were unsure of his way all he had to do was to climb the nearest hill to catch sight of that tall spire—the highest in Britain—which rises over 400 feet into the sky; taller by thirty feet than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is a spire that dominates the countryside and looms over the city itself. In whatever street you may be, you either see it before you, above the house tops, or you have the feeling that it is there at your back, should you turn round. It is the vision Salisbury men, and the men of the villages of the Avon and Bourne vales, see when, as exiles, their thoughts turn to their native place.

In some cathedral cities you may forget the principal edifice. In some, you may only remember it as one of the things you ought to visit before you leave. But at Salisbury there is no escape.

And it is as well for the visitor to go first to the Cathedral to make his peace with that towering spire before he sets about exploring the many attractive sights of the old city.

The Cathedral is a fascinating place. Not only is it one of the most graceful buildings in the whole of the country, but it contains features which will interest not merely the lover of architecture, and ancient things, but the casual and comparatively uninformed visitor.

One of these—and I made a point of seeing it on my last visit, because for some reason or other I had missed it before—is the statue of the Boy Bishop, in the North nave. Those who do not know its historical associations often pass it with momentary surprise that this Bishop in his ecclesiastical robes, should be

so small a man. The truth is, he never was. You have to go back to mediaeval times to get the answer.

BOY BISHOP.

It was the custom, on December 6, to appoint a boy—usually one of the cathedral choristers—as Bishop. For the rest of that month he conducted services, received homage, was the chief personage in various ceremonies, and held a certain amount of jurisdiction over the cathedral and its clergy.

If he chanced to die during his period of office, he was given the full funeral rites of a bishop and a statue to him was erected in the cathedral.

The monument still in existence is of one of these boy bishops who was unfortunate as to die while in office. It was discovered some 270 years ago behind boarding beneath seats near the pulpit, and was removed to its present position.

Apart from the Cathedral itself, there are other ecclesiasti-

cal buildings of note, including the Bishop's Palace, off Exeter-street, and the Church House in Crane-street. I have never seen either of them.

But I have made a point of going along to John Halle's House in New Canal-street—a lovely relic of a more gracious age (and it is surprising how many mellow and interesting old houses there are in the by-ways of Salisbury). The Poultry Cross in Silver-street I saluted as an old friend, and once again I gave my homage to The Guildhall at the corner of Blue Boar Row.

The River Avon is, of course, the most obvious geographical feature of Salisbury. It winds in from the north-west to pass through the centre of the city, and curving round the vicinity of the cathedral and King's House, goes out under the Harnham road towards its destination, the sea at Christchurch.

I stood on the Harnham Bridge, that ancient way over the river and recalled how the building of it had really been the foundation of Salisbury's prosperity. For, proud of its antiquity as it is, the city is but a modern place compared with that other city that once lay a mile and a half to the north, and which, now, is less important than the football ground which you pass on your way to it.

That other city was Old Sarum—a fortress town before the Romans came to Britain. They conquered it and made it a vital link in their great planning of roads. The West road ran through it, and other roads converged on it. It was as important a place under the Norman kings, and William the Conqueror, just after he had completed Domesday Book, held a council there of all the landowners of England.

But in 1227, following years of disputes between the church dignitaries (for the place was a bishopric) and the garrison, the clergy transferred themselves to the humble town of Salisbury which lay nearby. There they built their cathedral—it took nearly forty years to finish. And, as a last blow to Old Sarum, they built Harnham Bridge, diverting the road to the West through the new city.

That was the end of Old Sarum as a thriving city. It gradually declined in importance. In the end it could only boast of notoriety, as one of the "rotten boroughs" which, although there was not a single person living where it had once been, returned two Members of Parliament.

This corrupt state of affairs was terminated by the Reform Act of 1832, and Old Sarum, the mother town of Salisbury, lost its last claim to interest. All that now remains of it are some excavations on a hill.

And that is why Salisbury has two names, for it is sometimes called New Sarum. Some of the older millstones round the city bore the name Sarum up to the war. If they were not rooted up when the invasion scare was on, they still do.



Salisbury is no exception to this curious fact. The city is full of pleasing inns where, generation after generation of Salisbury men and visitors to the city have spent their leisure and quaffed their ale—and Salisbury men reckon to be good judges of beer; they have a big brewing industry in their midst.

The "Old George," unlicensed though it is, now remains a link between the old and the modern ale-drinkers. And what Salisbury man does not know the "County," the "White Hart," the "Crown," the "Red Lion," and the "White Horse"?

"The Haunch of Venison," on the corner of Silver-street and Castle-street—is not that a landmark? And that attractive restaurant "The Sign of the Golden Fish"—what a reminder of the days when rump steak and lemon sole were still on the menu!

There are, too, the inns of the little villages in the surrounding countryside where, on Summer evenings, cycles and motor cycles drew up for their riders to get a drink before returning to the city.

THE SHEPHERDS.

A writer 100 years ago recorded, with some amazement, that there were thirty parish churches (and so, villages) between Marlborough Forest and Salisbury, a distance of some thirty miles, and that there were thirty-one between Warminster and Salisbury—a distance of twenty-seven miles.

Incidentally, the shepherds of Salisbury Plain were, according to another traveller of about the same time, a lazy lot. "Why," he complains indignantly, "when you ask them the way, they do not trouble to rise and point out the direction—they just put up one of their legs towards the place, and say, 'That way.'"

A graceful city in a graceful countryside, Salisbury does not easily let you go when once you have started to explore its by-ways, and perhaps it is a good thing that the starting times of trains ensure that you will have to break off at a definite hour. Otherwise, I might have been there still. Yet, not an unpleasant fate.



"Try it now! The flint merely wanted adjusting!"

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We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

If This Happened To Your Sister!

Continuing O. HENRY'S 4-DAY Story
"BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

AN hour later the two stood at the open doorway of an immense, gloomy brick building in a narrow and lonely street. The licence was tight in Norah's hand.

"Wait here a moment," she said, "till I find Father Rogan."

She plunged into the black hallway, and the lover was left standing, as it were, on one leg, outside. His impatience was not greatly taxed. Gazing curiously into what seemed the hallway to Erebus, he was presently reassured by a stream of light that bisected the darkness, far down the passage.

Then he heard her call, and fluttered lampward, like the moth.

She beckoned him through a doorway into the room whence emanated the light. The room was bare of nearly everything except books, which had subjugated all its space. Here and there little spots of territory had been reconquered. An elderly, bald man, with a superlatively calm, remote eye, stood by a table with a book in

his hand, his finger still marking a page. His dress was sombre and appertained to a religious order. His eye denoted an acquaintance with the perspective.

"Father Rogan," said Norah, "this is he."

"The two of ye," said Father Rogan, "want to get married?"

They did not deny it. He married them. The ceremony was quickly done. One who could have witnessed it, and felt its scope, might have trembled at the terrible inadequacy of it to rise to the dignity of its endless chain of results.

Afterward the priest spoke briefly, as if by rote, of certain other civil and legal addenda that either might or should, at a later time, cap the ceremony. Lorison tendered a fee, which was declined, and before the door closed after the departing couple, Father Rogan's book popped open again where his finger marked

In the dark hall Norah whirled and clung to her com-

panion, tearful.

"Will you never, never be sorry?"

At last she was reassured.

At the first light they reached upon the street, she asked the time, just as she had each night. Lorison looked at his watch. Half-past eight.

Lorison thought it was from habit that she guided their steps toward the corner where they always parted. But, arrived there, she hesitated, and then released his arm. A drug store stood on the corner; its bright, soft light shone upon them.

"Please leave me here as usual to-night," said Norah, sweetly. "I must—I would rather you would. You will not object? At six to-morrow evening I will meet you at Antonio's. I want to sit with you there once more. And then—I will go where you say." She gave him a bewildering, bright smile, and walked swiftly away.

Surely it needed all the strength of her charm to carry off this astounding behaviour. It was no discredit to Lorison's strength of mind that his head began to whirl. Pocketing his hands, he rambled vacuously over to the druggist's windows, and began assiduously to spell over the names of the patent medicines therein displayed.

As soon as he had recovered his wits he proceeded along the street in an aimless fashion. After drifting for two or three squares he flowed into a some-

what more pretentious thoroughfare, a way much frequented by him in his solitary ramblings. For here was a row of shops devoted to traffic in goods of the widest range of choice—handiworks of art, skill and fancy, products of nature and labour from every zone.

As he stood before a window and silver, and a ragged wake near a corner, his ears were of black, bobbing figures.

Two ponderous policemen were conducting between them to the window to allow passage to the cause of the hubbub—a stage, in a short, white, satiny procession of human beings, skirt reaching to the knees, which rounded the corner and pink stockings and a sort of headed in his direction. He sleeveless bodice bright with perceived a salient hue of blue reluctant, armour-like scales, and a glitter of brass about a central figure of dazzling white

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Pallium is a rare metal, Greek cloak, fern seed, wire net, step in ballet dancing.
2. Which country produces most sulphur?
3. How old is Hitler this year?
4. What is the more common name for the bird known as philomel?

—5. Nimrod was a "mighty"?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Equal, Equivalent, T a n t a m o u n t, Synonymous, Symmetrical.

Answers to Quiz in No. 655

1. Kind of rock.
2. France.
3. 70.
4. 28. 6d.
5. Persephone.
6. 4 consists of straight lines; others contain curves.

Tales of Taverns

THE FINISH

DESPITE every effort to classify the really curious inn signs, there are some which stubbornly decline to fall into any definite category. Succeed, if you can, where the experts have failed.

The "Bird in Hand," for one, was coined as a gibe at the "Bush," when Bushes were growing up all over the place. It is an abbreviation, of course, of the time-honoured proverb. Through the years the name became so popular that it was borne by nearly two hundred London and other English houses.

Another: Hackney has the only known example of a "Cat and Shoulder of Mutton." It stands at the end of a typical East End market street, and the sign seems to represent an episode which occurred in the market—a cat making off with a huge joint, with a terrier in hot pursuit.

And another—an amusing example of name-changing—is "The Duke's Motto" at Bethnal Green. No one seems to recollect the original name of the inn, but the new one—well, it was conferred by a party of comedians who frequented the house at a time when the play, "The Duke's Motto," was running to crowded houses in London.

"Well, what is the Duke's Motto?" is the inevitable question of the stranger. And the answer he gets is, "I am here!"

A curious thing once happened in Bermondsey. A newcomer asked three people, one after another, where he could find "The Finish."

All three being either semi-strangers themselves or else unaware of the enchantment to be had from the beer-house, thought he was attempting some cheap joke. A policeman intervened, as cops frequently do at the right moment as well as the wrong. "The Finish," he explained, was a pub.

It came by its name by accident, from all accounts. When the street was building, the architect pointed out to the builder a certain spot, saying, "That's the finish." As it happened, this particular spot had been reserved for a pub, and so the name stuck, for it was considered as good as any other; possibly it is better.

And "The Finish" it has remained.

M. T.

"Have you heard young Strumkevitch, the marvellous new pianist? He's only twenty."

"Yes, I heard him twenty years ago in Paris, when he was an infant prodigy of ten."

JOKE CORNER



Gosh! What other girl in the camp can blow forty pounds into a tyre?

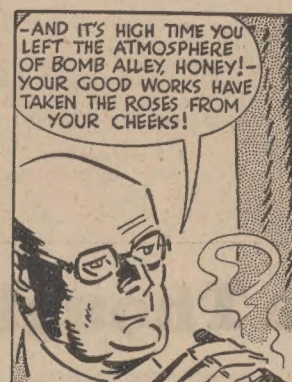


TALK ABOUT SUBLIME INNOCENCE! I STILL FINKS THE STORK BROUGHT IM

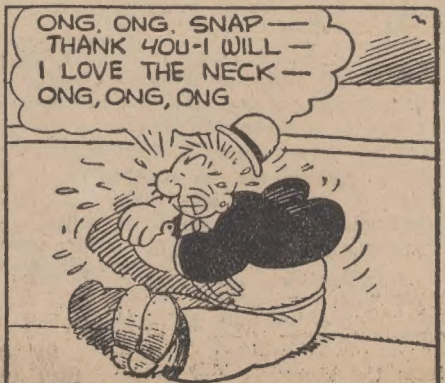
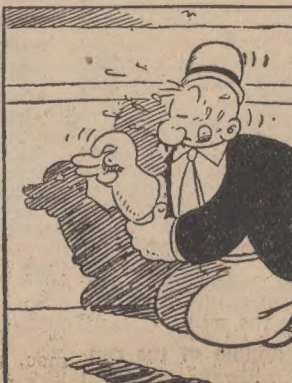
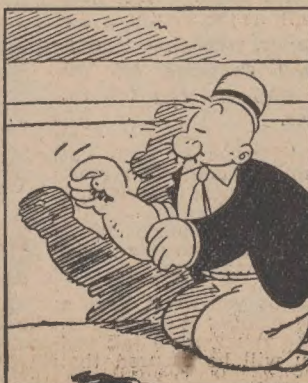
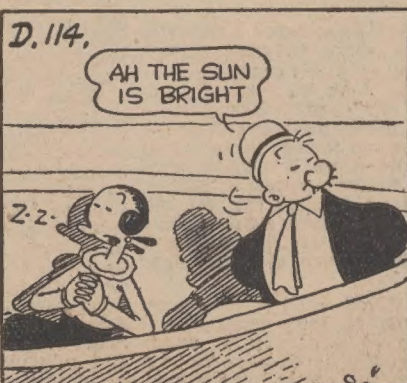
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 595

- 1. Behead some animals and get a sweet.
- 2. Add two letters to a famous cinema, shuffle them, and get a country.
- 3. Of what common word is TSCR the exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The little man is always very — to — with the big man.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 594

- 1. Ladder.
- 2. NEY — PN, PENNY..
- 3. UnDERRate.
- 4. Assume, amuses.

JANE

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 2) was perched, at a rollicking angle, a shining tin helmet. The costume was to be instantly recognised as one of those amazing conceptions to which competition has harried the inventors of the spectacular ballet. One of the officers bore a long cloak upon his arm, which, doubtless, had been intended to veil the candid attractions of their effulgent prisoner, but, for some reason, it had not been called into use, to the vociferous delight of the tail of the procession.

Compelled by a sudden and vigorous movement of the woman, the parade halted before the window by which Lorison stood. He saw that she was young, and, at the first glance, was deceived by a sophisticated prettiness of her face, which waned before a more judicious scrutiny. Her look was bold and

reckless, and upon her countenance, where yet the contours of youth survived, were the finger-marks of old age's credentialled courier, Late Hours.

The young woman fixed her unshrinking gaze upon Lorison, and called to him in the voice of the wronged heroine in straits:

"Say! You look like a good fellow; come and put up the ball, won't you? I've done nothing to get pinched for. It's all a mistake."

"See how they're treating me! You won't be sorry, if you'll help me out of this. Think of your sister or your girl being dragged along the streets this way! I say, come along now, like a good fellow."

It may be that Lorison, in spite of the unconvincing bathos of this appeal, showed a sympathetic face, for one of the officers left the woman's side

and went over to him.

"It's all right, sir," he said, in a husky, confidential tone. "she's the right party. We took her after the first act at the Green Light Theatre, on a wire from the chief of police of Chicago. It's only a square or two to the station. Her rig's pretty bad, but she refused to change clothes—or, rather," added the officer, with a smile, "to put on some. I thought I'd explain matters to you so you wouldn't think she was being imposed upon."

"What is the charge?" asked Lorison. "Grand larceny. Diamonds. Her husband is a jeweller in Chicago. She cleaned his showcase of the sparklers and skipped with a comic-opera troupe."

The policeman, perceiving that the interest of the entire group of spectators was centred upon himself and Lorison

—their conference being regarded as a possible new complication—was fain to prolong the situation—which reflected his own importance—by a little afterpiece of philosophical comment.

"A gentleman like you, sir," he went on affably, "would never notice it, but it comes in my line to observe what an immense amount of trouble is made by that combination—I mean the stage, diamonds and light-headed women who aren't satisfied with good homes. I tell you, sir, a man these days and nights wants to know what his women folks are up to."

The policeman smiled a good night, and returned to the side of his charge, who had been intently watching Lorison's face during the conversation, no doubt for some indication of his intention to render succour.

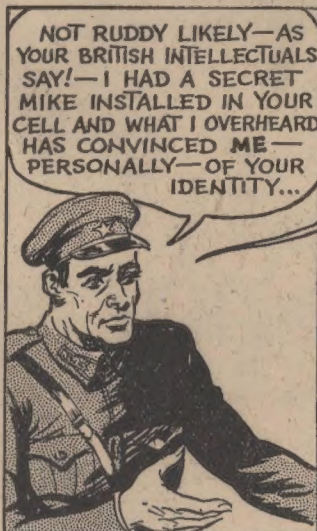
Now, at the failure of the sign, and at the movement made to continue the ignominious progress, she abandoned hope, and addressed him thus, not the impetus, for the change, pointedly:

"You damn chalk-faced quitter! You was thinking of giving me a hand, but you let the cop talk you out of it the first word. You're a dandy to tie to. Say, if you ever get a girl, she'll have a picnic."

She concluded with a taunting, shrill laugh that rasped Lorison like a saw. The policemen urged her forward; the delighted train of gaping followers closed up the rear; and the captive Amazon, accepting her fate, extended the scope of her maledictions so that none in hearing might seem to be slighted.

Then there came upon Lorison an overwhelming revulsion of his perspective. It may be that he had been ripe for it, that the abnormal condition of mind in which he had for so long existed was already about to revert to its balance; howsoever, it is certain that the events of the last few minutes had furnished the channel, if hope, and addressed him thus, not the impetus, for the change, pointedly:

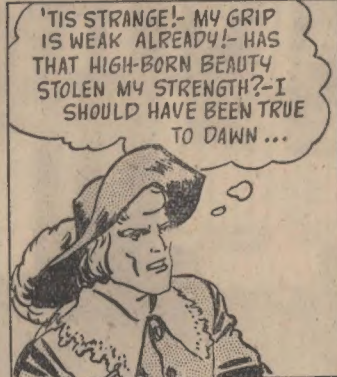
(To be continued)



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Things People Do

MR. H. GREY, of Devonshire Court, Marylebone, has started a new trade. He is collecting all the ancient motor-cars he can lay his hands on for loaning to film studios making period pictures.

You can't use a 1939 car in a film, say, of the gay 1910s, or an old Ford in a scene set in the Paris of 1913.

Up to now, Mr. Grey has got together about a dozen of the oldest cars in existence—but he wants a lot more. So if you have a really ancient flivver lying about at home, here's a market for it.

ALTHOUGH he's eighty years old, Mr. James Bray, of Chatham, hates the grass to grow under his feet. So the other day he decided to go for a walk, just to show he was still hale and hearty. But what a walk!

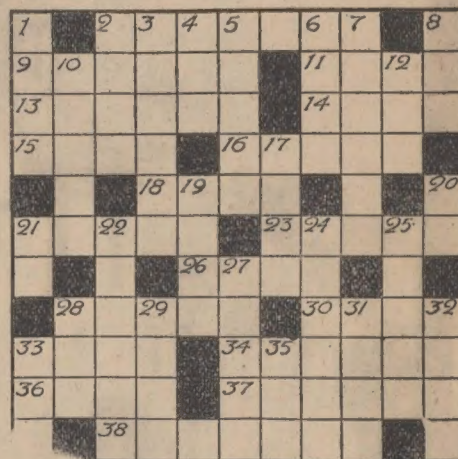
Leaving Chatham at nine o'clock in the morning, he arranged to have lunch at Sittingbourne and, after a breather, to reach Canterbury in time for tea.

In all, a pleasant stroll of some twenty-five miles through the hop-gardens and orchards of Kent. Not bad at eighty!

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Mayon, of Hollywood, got divorced the other day, Mr. Mayon was given the custody of the refrigerator! There was no dispute over the children; they went, with the washing machine, to Mrs. Mayon.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

AWAY	DOLLAR
FOREMAN	ODE
FOOL	REMOVE
E	UPON
ENID	COS
ASIA	S
TREAT	ONSET
G	CHOW
ADO	LAIR
GALL	W
ENDEAR	OUSE
NIL	RECITAL
SCENES	NEWS



CLUES ACROSS. — 2 Cafe show. 9 Burdened. 11 Season. 13 Fruit kernel. 14 Rugged rock. 15 Row. 16 Moral. 18 Girl's name. 21 Dog-thong. 23 Slang. 26 Beast of burden. 28 Make happy. 30 Raised ground. 33 Prison. 34 The sky. 36 Weapons. 37 Whole. 38 Denied.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Level. 2 Arrived. 3 Adds beauty to. 4 Scottish mountain. 5 Reptile. 6 Engrave. 7 Wearisome. 8 Cask. 10 Girl's name. 12 Scot. 17 Cape ditch. 19 Electrical units. 20 Lieutenant. 21 Light Infantry. 22 Self-possession. 24 Discount. 25 Proprietor. 27 Door-keeper. 28 Obscure. 29 Besides. 31 Greedy. 32 Recognized. 33 Sportive. 35 Terminate.

Good Morning

No one ever called her a red-hot petting momma. If, at a ball, any young man had said to her, "Come, squirrel, let's twirrel," she would have called the police. BUT . . . she was a little devil in a hansom-cab on a wet night.



HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA — And many a sick mariner has been brought back to health in this timbered Tudor house in the little cobbled street that leads up from the harbour in Rye, Sussex. Generations of seamen have lain in the white cots here, sniffing the good salt tang of the sea, and sometimes catching a glimpse of tall sails stealing silently away on the evening tide.



A wise man once said that if a girl hasn't a little hollow formed by the shoulder and her upper arm, where a man can rest his head, it were better for her that she had never been born. We submit that Universal's Anne Gwynne comes right up to specification. In fact, if we wonder any more how those arms would feel, it's going to happen to us!

"Pretty tasty, those fingers, eh, chum? Sort of thing a fellow can take a good bite on, you think? We suppose you do get kind of peckish waiting for the meals to come up. And then it's only those disgusting slops, we guess."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I suppose he'll say, 'Tasty paws, eh, chum?' — the dope!"

